

# MHA Mindful

A My Hero Academia coloring book



## Mods:

Mod Livvy  
[MyLondonium]



Mod pilot  
[pilotgems]



Mod Eza  
[ezenochi]



Mod ceren  
[louverdyke]



Mod uta  
[cupcakes-and-kaneki]



Derse royalty  
[Twitter: starryroyalty]



Sushichan  
[Sushichanart]



Indidere



kitsuneitsuki



DrawingAqua  
[Tumblr: drawing-aqua]



Dazeful  
[Tumblr: dunadaze]



Kelly Latham  
[SleepyHeadKL]



cyanello



bombmom



\_dollita\_



ltmez



Bohemians



chaoticShan



birdy\_bomb



skootleskittle



SoveryAverageMe



ZenMaldita



Selenitium\_

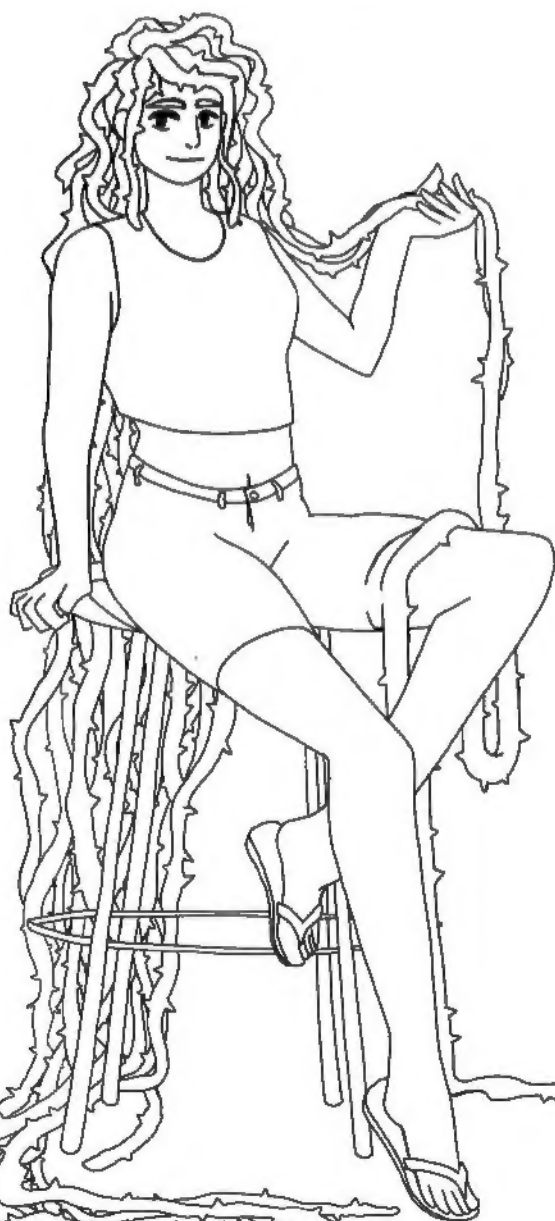


## Contributors:

Aeolian Mode  
[Tumblr: Aeolian-Mode, Twitter: AeolianMode]



Dazed-squid





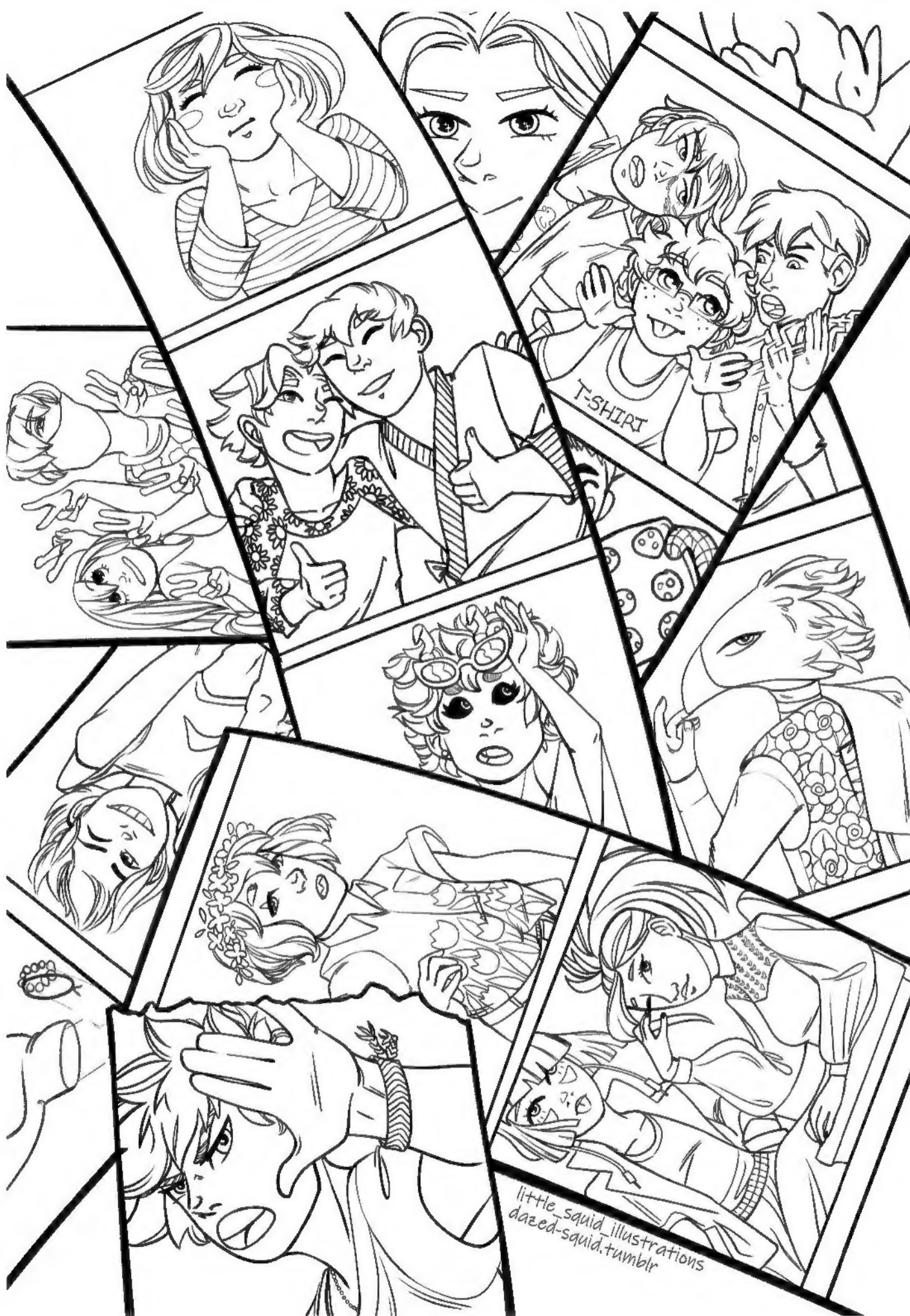


AEOLIANMODE

AeolianMode



[Tumblr: Aeolian-Mode, Twitter: AeolianMode, Instagram: Aeolian\_Mode]



little\_squid\_illustrations  
dazed-squid.tumblr

Derse royalty



[A03/Tumblr: Derse royalty, Twitter: Starry royalty]

*the botanical gardens*

if he ponders the idea of something beautiful,  
perhaps he will be able to recreate the memory of this day,  
with endless sunshine and warmth  
in his cracked and shattered bones.  
on his left, heterochronic eyes meet his;  
heat and frost ever consistent since the day  
a supernova was birthed from Izuku's fingers  
and their battleground went up in flames.  
on his right, dynamite glares are softened,  
and even his fiery palms don't spark in the field,  
especially when Katsuki throws his head back to laugh  
when Shouto's hair gets tangled in the breeze.  
the Big Three find themselves orbiting each other,  
as stars always do,  
and decide to create one single day to spend together,  
frozen in time before they go save the world once more.

*mirador*

once a week, before they graduate, they meet in the commons room to relax.  
four soon-to-be heroes with battles and fights under their belts, scars to remember them by,  
and the deep gut feeling of absolute pride in what they've accomplished.  
the first of their group, with gravity-defying violet hair, and bags under his eyes,  
always accompanied by his beloved cat and a thermos of unknown liquid.  
the second, with lightning scars and permanent pencil marks scuffed into his palms,  
forest green curls and a sunshine smile that could light up the sky.  
the third with enough fashion sense and beauty to walk the runway,  
finds himself without the glamour and glitz to sit with his friends.  
the final fourth, with his shadowy familiar and too strong coffee,  
takes indulgence in the calmness of the witching hour.  
the second floor boys of the UA dorms come together to celebrate life itself and enjoy each other's  
company until the stars settle and the sun rises,  
peace measured in seconds and precious time in each other's presence.



Sushichan  
[Sushichanart]





Indidere











DrawingAqua



[Twitter:DrawingAqua, Tumblr:drawing-aqua]

*Autumn Decay*

The most somber sound,  
dead leaves across barren ground.  
Lonely melody of autumn time,  
more honeyed than church's chime.

We walk along old, empty streets,  
words left unspoken, echoes of shuffling feet.  
Blood-drinker skips ahead, waits for us to follow.  
Long ago I wouldn't have, my heart so hollow.

Farther and farther we go,  
to where I do not know,  
It is dark now, eyes glow in the lowlight,  
but we are not afraid, it is our time of the night.

Street lights flicker on.  
All signs of people long gone.  
Smoke rolls off scarred skin,  
my gaze flashes towards him.

"Something wrong?" I ask, but there is no response.

In barren and forgotten garden,  
lay a world hidden by ivy curtain.  
Golden light illuminated our flushed cheeks,  
tears built in crimson eyes, ran down dry face like flowing creek.

A sky of lanterns floated above our heads,  
Held aloft by tiny threads.  
My breath creates clouds of white,  
mouth held open in shock tonight.

"To show that we love you." Toga, or was it Dabi?, whispered.

With every breath I took, I brought ruin.  
But something caused these wayward souls to blow in.  
Love was something never known by me,  
but here these two are, with enough of it to fill the sea.

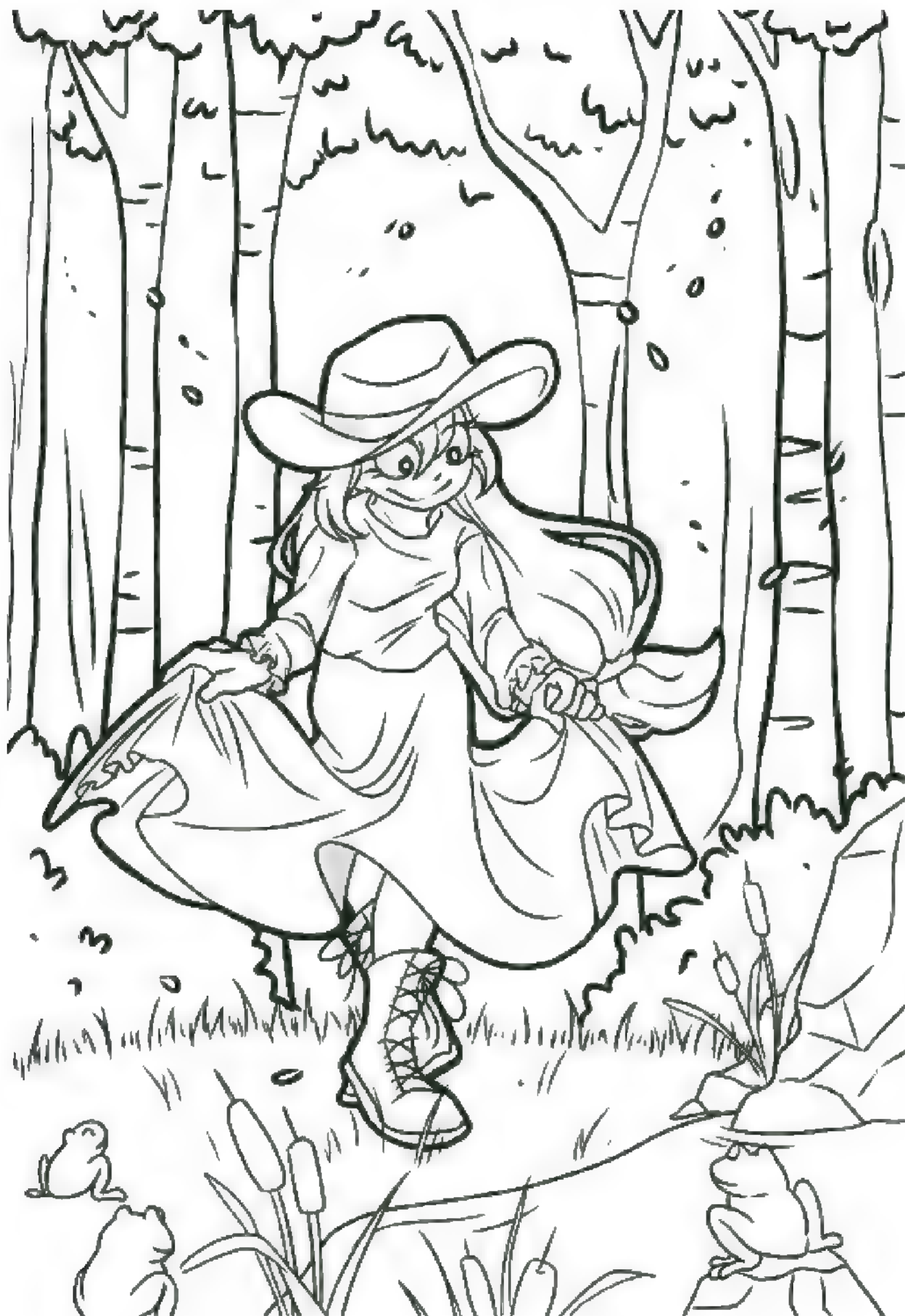
So the night passed,  
while we feasted and danced  
around Dabi's bright flames.  
And we knew no shame.



Kelly Latham  
[SleepyHeadKL]









bombmom









ltwez



UA confidential

Things that Heroes hear often:

Thank you!

(You need to work harder)

You're the best!

(You could have done better today)

You were so brave out there!

(I was afraid)

You're my hero!

(I'm just a kid)

Things that Heroes never hear enough:

You are allowed to be selfish.

Every problem does not need your solution.

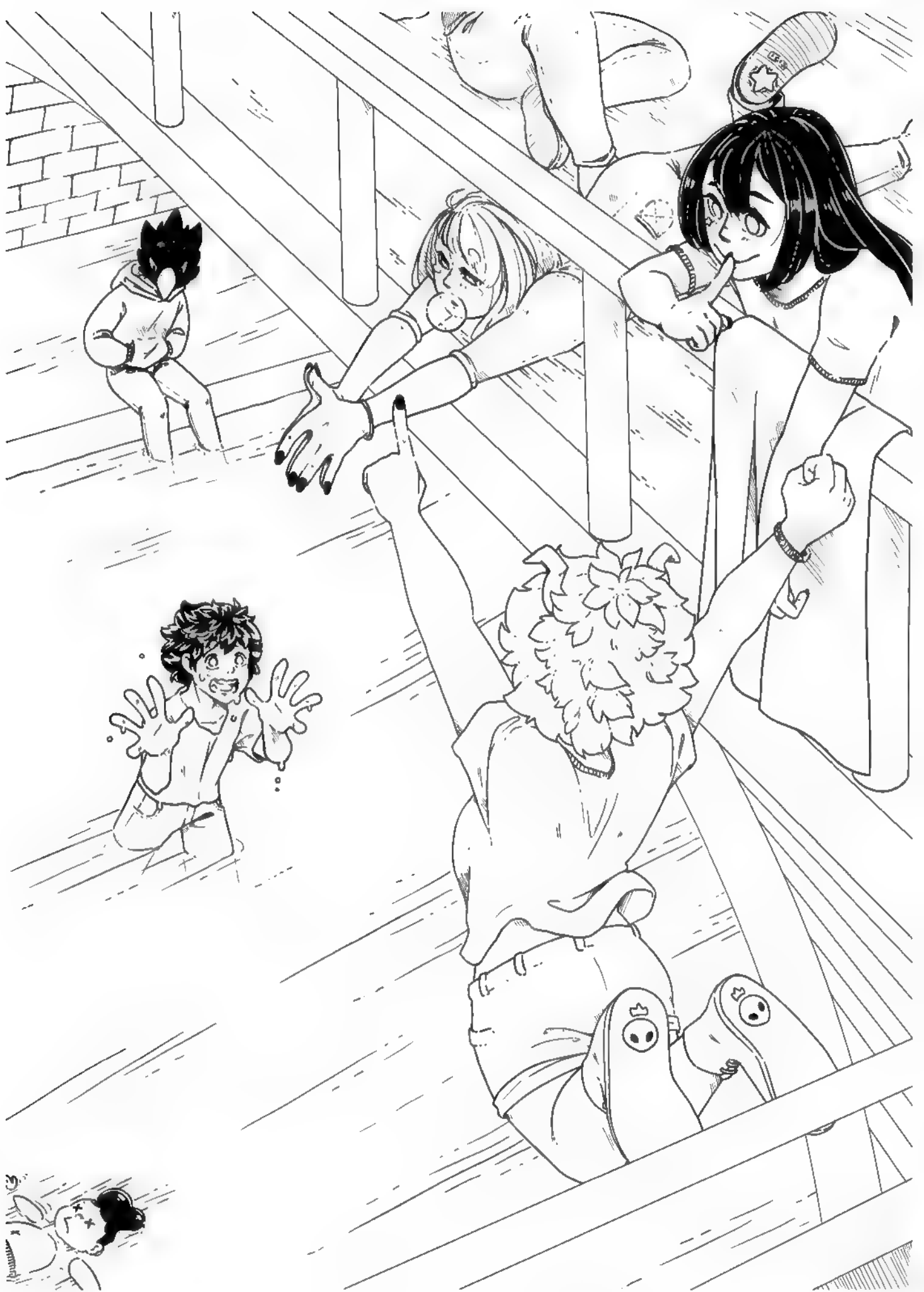
You're allowed to be a kid.

You're allowed to make mistakes.

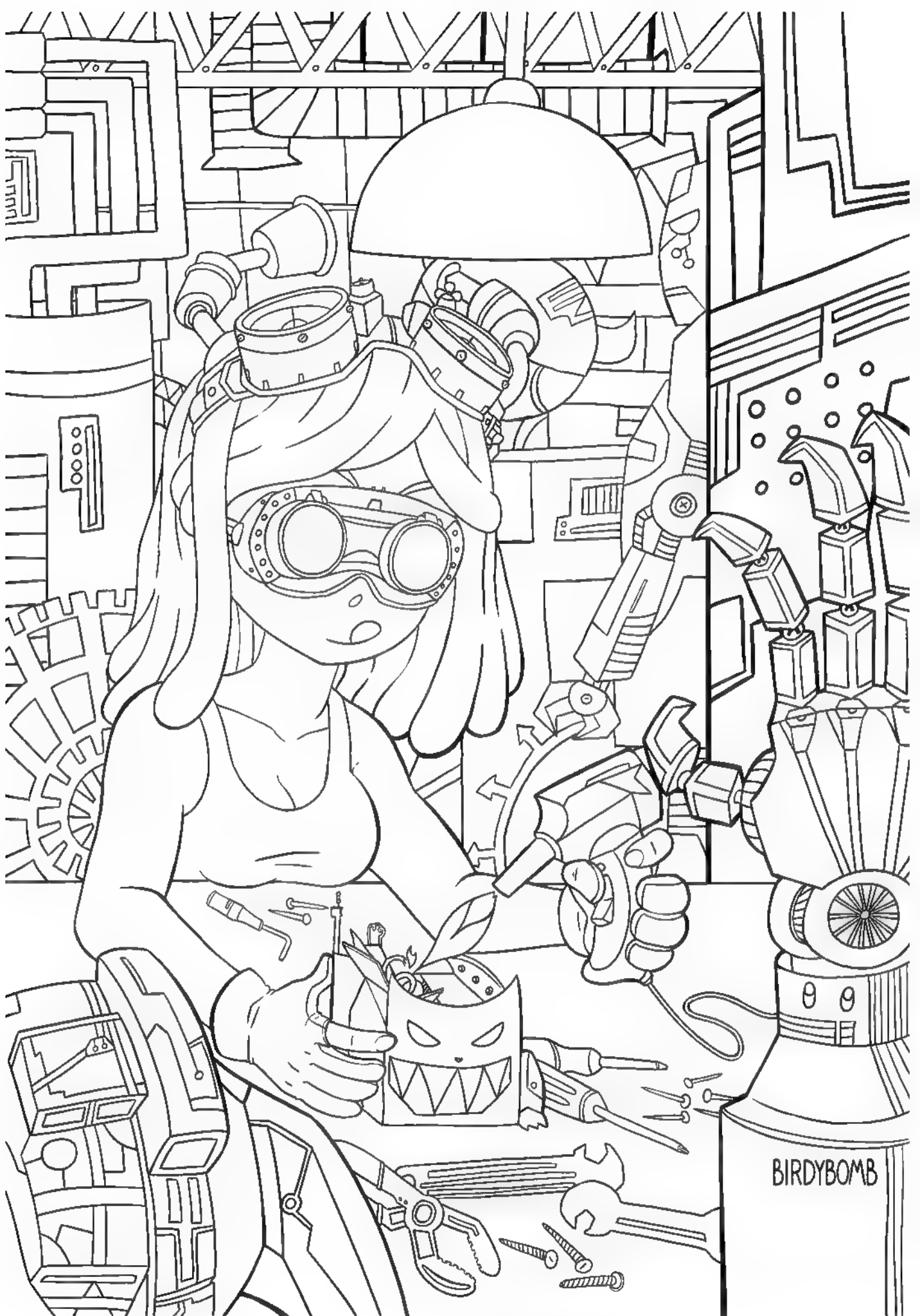
You're allowed to fail.

Take the day off.

Rest.







BIRDYBOMB

birdy\_bomb





@Skootleskittle

skootleskittle



## Apotheosis

inspired by the writings of edith hamilton,  
and the greek heroes of old.

At twelve, you dreamed of becoming a hero  
whose adventures made excellent stories,  
passed from the babbling mouths of children  
into the subconscious psyche of the world.

More than anything, you wanted to join them;  
to be part of their illustrious company, and  
the glorious epics of those who came before.  
To be good enough for a mythos of your own.

—

At sixteen, you had nightmares of dying too young.  
You can't fathom how to save the world,  
when you don't even know how to save yourself.  
Nothing more than a mere fragment of a "Hero."

The weight of the world sits on your shoulders,  
a modern day Atlas burdened by the world's expectations.  
Benefactor and destroyer are one and the same:  
A society that relies on children to be their saviors.

—

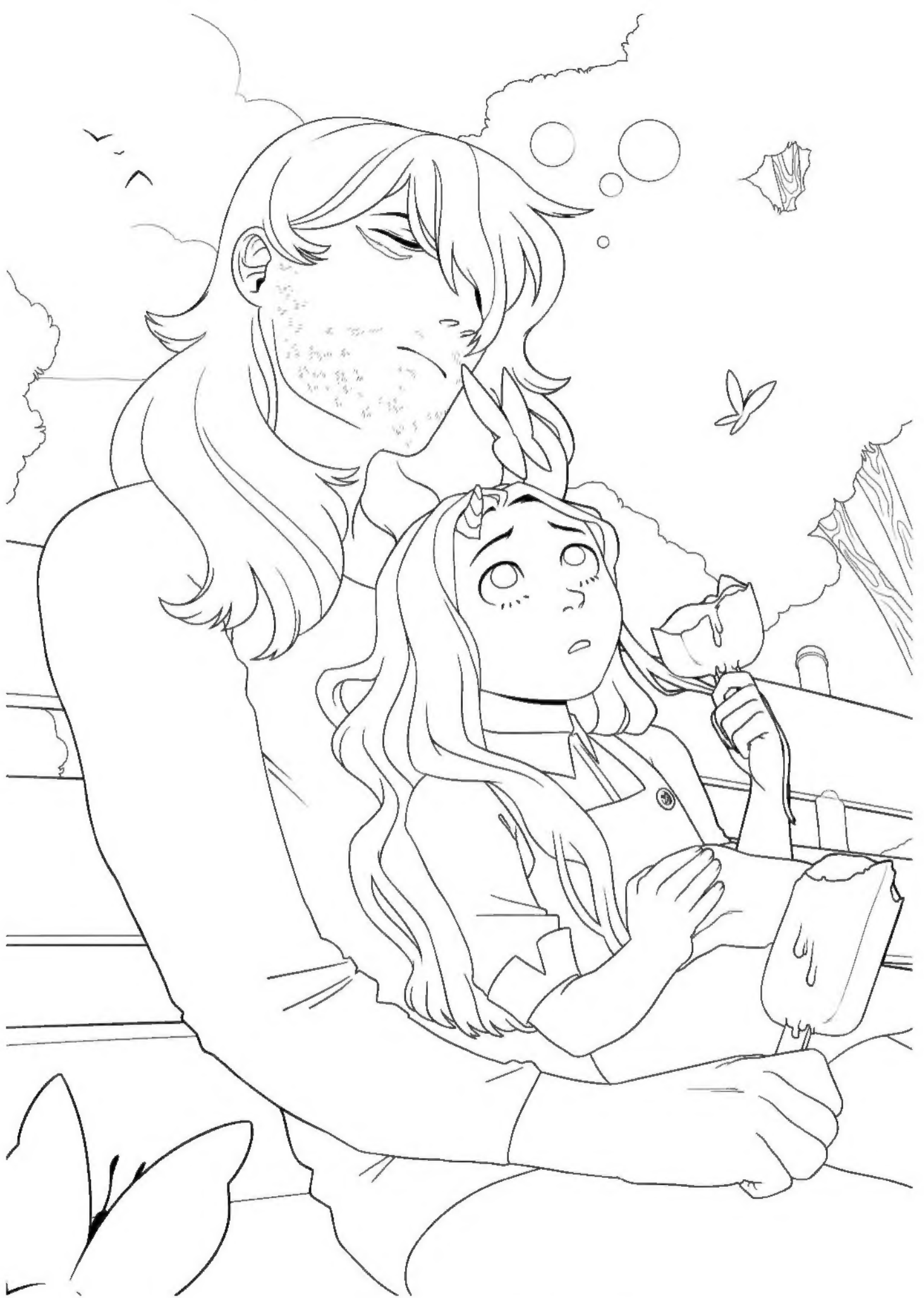
At twenty, you are too exhausted to dream anymore.  
The immeasurable chaos sunk deep into your bones,  
yet, the universe is still alive with the stories you once knew;  
not of heroes, but of the relentless hope of humanity.

It was the lesson UA never taught you:  
perfection is impossible and heroes belong to the myths.  
Instead, you are irrevocably and tirelessly human.  
You will not yield, nor submit to the intolerable.

It is enough.









Thank you so much for supporting the zine  
and Mental Health America - We hope you  
have a wonderful time coloring!